1864. 1865.

THE

TREMAINE BROTHERS'

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON CAMPAIGN SONG-BOOK,

CONTAINING

40 PAGES OF SOUL-STIRRING PIECES,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

"The Copperheads have had their day,
We reckon, we reckon;
They've done their work and will get their pay;
Glory Hallelujah!"

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LINCOLN AND JOHNSON

CAMPAIGN SONG-BOOK.

WE ALL GO FOR ABE LINCOLN.

AIR.—*Dixie's Land.*

AROUSE! arouse! ye patriots true!
Let all join in—there's work to do.
Awake! awake! awake! awake!
United be in heart and hand,
And firmly for the Union stand.
Chorus.—Awake! awake! awake! awake!
We'll all go for Abe Lincoln
And Johnson, and Johnson!
Fling out the banner, wide and free,
For Lincoln, Johnson—Liberty!
Huzza! huzza! huzza, boys, for the Union!
Huzza! huzza! &c.

We'll bury party in the dust;
Freemen have a higher trust.
Awake! awake! awake! awake!
As brothers joined, we nobly stand;
No party—but a Union band.
Chorus.—Awake, awake, &c.

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Democrats—Republicans, too,
United, to our country true.
Awake! awake! awake! awake!
Against the traitors, South and North,
Let each true heart come nobly forth.
Chorus.—Awake! &c.

We've patriarchs for leaders, true;
Abraham, and Andrew, too.
Awake! awake! awake! awake!
Honest champions for the right;
With them we'll put our foes to flight.
Chorus.—Awake! &c.

Come, join our ranks, ye patriots true;
We have a noble work to do.
Awake! awake! awake! awake!
Come, rally for the fall campaign,
Elect our worthy chief again.
Chorus.—Awake! awake! awake! awake!
We'll go for Abe Lincoln
And Johnson, and Johnson!
Fling out the banner, wide and free,
For Lincoln, Johnson—Liberty!
Huzza! huzza! huzza, boys, for the Union!

WHEN ABE GOES IN AGAIN.

AIR.—"*When Johnny comes Marching Home.*"

ELECTION day comes soon again;
Hurra! hurra!
And we will put old Abe in then,
Hurra! hurra!

Then raise the standard of the free,
And make the Copperheads bend their knee—
  Wont they all feel blue
When Abe goes marching in.

We hear the tocsin's joyful sound;
    Hurra! hurra!
That we a patriot true have found;
    Hurra! hurra!
This battle for "Mac" will be harder to fight
Than Antietam's plain or Malvern's height;
  And he'll feel so blue
When Abe goes marching in.

Get ready, then, for the jubilee;
    Hurra! hurra!
And give honest Abe a three times three;
    Hurra! hurra!
For with General Grant, and Sherman too,
He'll break rebellion's back in two.
  O, won't Jeff feel blue
When Abe goes marching in.

Then hand in hand we'll march, my boys;
    Hurra! hurra!
And never mind the "peace" men's noise;
    Hurra! hurra!
There's now no chance for "Little Mac;"
For the "Train" has run him off the track.
  So we'll all feel gay
When Abe goes in again.

SOME FOLKS.

AIR.—*Some Folks do.*

SOME folks plot and plan,
  Some folks do, some folks do
Treason when they can;
  But that's not me or you,
    Three cheers for Honest Abe!
      And three for the Stripes and Stars,
    And three times three
      For the boys in the Union cause!

Some folks went out West,
  Some folks did, some folks did,
Crying peace is best,
  No matter what wrongs are hid.
    Three cheers, &c.

Some will shout for Mac;
  Some fools will, some fools will,
Till their voices crack,
  With Abe in the White House still!
    Three cheers, &c.

Some Abe's jokes decry;
  Some folks do, some folks do,
Preferring treason's lie;
  But that's not me nor you.
    Three cheers, &c.

Some folks use their eyes,
  Some folks do, some folks do;
Some are growing wise—
  That's meant for me and you.
    Three cheers, &c.

Some will lose their cash,
Some folks will, some folks will,
When the rebel rash
Is cured by the Union pill.
Three cheers, &c.

HURRA FOR ABRAHAM!

AIR.—*Hurra for the Days of Old.*

COME, listen, friends of Union,
While a song we sing to you;
And when the story we have told,
We know you'll say it's true.
'Tis of our worthy President,
Whom all the world admires;
Whose noble heart we know doth burn
With patriotic fire.
Fire!—fire!—fire!
Hurra for Abraham!
Hurra for Abraham!
We mean that he
Shall once more be
The host for Uncle Sam.

There is a place not far from here,
Its name is Washington;
And to that place they sent "Old Abe,"
In eighteen sixty-one.
He took the helm 'midst angry storms
Raised by secession's ire;
And by the firmness of his will
He's quenching treason's fire.
Fire!—fire!—fire! &c.

He's done so well for four years past,
We think it is but right
That he should have a term of peace—
One free from angry strife.
Then, give, yes, give him four years more
For he must not retire
Till he has led this nation out
Of this rebellion's fire.
Fire!—fire!—fire!
Hurra for Abraham!
Hurra for Abraham!
We mean that he
Shall once more be
The host for Uncle Sam.

ROUSE! YE SONS OF FREEMEN!

AIR.—*Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.*

ROUSE! ye sons of freemen! hear the stirring cry,
For election day will soon draw nigh;
Join the ranks now filling with true Union men,
Who're for Abraham again.
Chorus.—We will stand by him true to the last,
For we can judge him by records past;
Shout the joyous cadence, let the echo ring,
We our banners out will fling.

From the hills of Vermont and the shores of Maine,
Hear the Union echo ring again;
Soon will Pennsylvania sound *her* cheering note,
We for Abraham will vote.
Chorus.—We will stand by him, &c.

'Till November's sun shall gild the orient West,
We will work for Abra'm with true zest;
For we're bound that he shall go in once again,
And our noble rights maintain.
Chorus.—We will stand by him, &c.

LINCOLN, JOHNSON, AND UNION.

AIR.—*Battle Cry of Freedom.*

YES, we'll rally, friends of freedom, we'll rally to the call,
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union;
We will rally to their standard, rally one and all
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union.
Chorus.—Lincoln and Johnson, the men for the land,
Raise up your banner, join hand in hand,
While we rally in our might, boys, rally good and strong,
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union.

Come and gird you on your armor, and take the battle shield
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union;
And fight with courage true, in this presidential field,
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union.
Chorus.—Lincoln, and Johnson, &c.

For we forward look with hope, that success our efforts crown;
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union;
And that truth and right prevail, and that treason shall go down,
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and for Union.
Chorus.—Lincoln, and Johnson, &c.

ABE LINCOLN AGAIN.

We've only to say to the friends of the Union,
Just go to the polls with the Brothers Tremaine;
For we mean, if we live till the month of November,
To cast in our vote for Abe Lincoln again.
Abe Lincoln again, Abe Lincoln again;
We mean, if we live till the month of November,
To cast in our vote for Abe Lincoln again.

Down, down with secession, and up with the Union;
No compromise ever our banner shall stain;
For we mean, if we live till the month of November,
To cast in our vote for Abe Lincoln again,
Abe Lincoln again, Abe Lincoln again;
We mean, if we live till the month of November,
To cast in our vote for Abe Lincoln again.

We'll straighten things yet, if it takes us all winter;
So sound the loud chorus o'er land and o'er main,
That we mean, if we live till the month of November,
To cast in our vote for Abe Lincoln again,
Abe Lincoln again, Abe Lincoln again;
Yes, we mean, if we live till the month of November,
To cast in our vote for Abe Lincoln again.

COME, LISTEN TO OUR UNION SONG.

Air.—*Away, away to School.*

Come, listen to our Union song,
Hurra! &c., &c.
We to the United States belong,
Hurra! &c., &c.

All peace men now begin to see
Success will crown our nominee.
Hurra! &c.

By honest Abe we all will stand,
Hurra! &c., &c.
For he's the man to save our land.
Hurra! &c., &c.
In counsel wise, in judgment sound,
He'll bring down treason to the ground.
Hurra! &c.,

There's Johnson, too, from Tennessee.
Hurrah! &c., &c.
A lover of our Union free.
Hurra! &c., &c.
Then be our chorus loud and long,
These *two* shall make our country strong.
Hurra! &c.

No compromise with traitors now,
Hurra! &c., &c.
For they must to our banner bow.
Hurra! &c., &c.
The peace we want, and soon shall see,
A lasting one to us shall be.
Hurra! &c.

And when this day of peace shall dawn,
Hurra! &c., &c.
And night shall be exchanged for morn;
Hurra! &c., &c.
We all will hail the glorious day,
When war and strife shall die away.
Hurra! &c.

OLD ABE AND LITTLE MAC.

AIR.—*Old Dan Tucker.*

OLD ABE and Mac have just begun
The famous White House race to run;
But Abra'm's legs were made to go,
While Mac was always voted slow.
Chorus.—So out of the way, Mac, the digger,
Out of the way, Mac, the digger,
Out of the way, Mac, the digger,
Don't you wish your chance was bigger?

By all wise men 'twill be confessed,
That Lincoln's chances are the best;
For while the Mackites make the noise,
The voting's done by Union boys.
Chorus.—So out of the way, &c.

The ladies, as it may be seen,
Are coming out in Lincoln green,
While all the soldiers to a man
Will vote for Abra'm if they can.
Chorus.—So out of the way, &c.

Now, Mack was sleeping on his bed,
While ugly dreams ran through his head;
He tossed and turned to no avail,
Each ghost was riding on a rail.
Chorus.—So get out of the way, &c.

He thought he felt the people's bumps,
Who all assured him spades were trumps;
When, lo! he saw Abe Lincoln's name
The first upon the scroll of fame.
Chorus.—So out of the way, &c.

Now while our Union banner flies,
Our Union Eagle seeks the skies;
We Union boys, ten million strong,
Will shout aloud our Union song.
Chorus.—So out of the way, &c.

WE GO IN FOR THE UNION.

AIR.—*Bonny Blue Flag.*

WE go in for the Union
With heart, and soul, and might;
Our platform is a strong one,
Our banner is the right.
We don't go in for compromise,
Nor Southern wrongs deplore,
But mean to vote for Union men
That's honest to the core.
Chorus.—Hurra! hurra! for the Union, boys; hurra!
Hurra! for our good old flag, that glitters
with many a star!

What matters it if Lincoln
Was famed for splitting rails;
Or Johnson proved a master
In measuring coat tails;
Though a rail-er, or a tailor,
They are just the men, say we,
To rid the land of Copperheads,
And set the country free!
Chorus.—Hurra! hurra! &c.

Then, Union boys, be lively,
  November's close at hand;
Remember, we are fighting
  For the safety of our land.
Our ship of state shall ride the storm,
  Though now she madly rolls,
And anchor in the port of peace—
  We'll prove it at the polls!
Chorus.—Hurra! hurra! &c.

ABRAHAM THE GREAT AND GENERAL GRANT HIS MATE.*

Oh, the Copperhead crew, they don't know what to do,
  Since freedom in the South is plainly dawning;
They fear that this short night, of a little blood and fight,
  Will bring us all right in the morning.
Chorus—Then let us work away, and care not what they say,
  For Union in the South is plainly dawning,
  With Abraham the Great and General Grant his mate,
  They'll bring us all right in the morning.
  Abraham the Great and General Grant his mate,
  They'll bring us all right in the morning.

I think Uncle Abe's the man who another term can stand
  The Rebs and Copperheads with their scorning;

* Composed by T. Brigham Bishop. Published by John Church, Cincinnati, O. Music can be obtained at any music store.

When November shall arrive, we'll elect him if alive,
For he'll bring us all out right in the morning.
Chorus.—Then let us work away, &c.

The Rebs call Uncle Abe an abolition babe;
But I think they had better heed his warning;
For he has got more land than any other man,
And he'll have all their niggers in the morning.
Chorus.—Then let us work away, &c.

What a pity people can't let alone our General Grant,
While he gathers all the Rebels 'neath his awning;
He'll give old Jeff the chance to have a "swinging dance,"
And we'll all "see him home" in the morning.
Chorus.—Then let us work away, &c.

RALLY FOR THE UNION!

AIR.—*Few Days.*

OUR army still keeps marching on
Rebellion! Rebellion!
To save our Union once so strong,
In good old days of yore;
It will disperse the rebel band,
In a few days, a few days,
And drive out treason from our land,
For ever, ever more.
Chorus.—Then rally, boys, for the good old Union!
Union! Union!
Then rally, boys, for the good old Union!
It must and shall be saved!

Our Union is the watchword now!
Union! Union!
To Union all our patriots bow,
And liberty's at home;
Secession mania will go down,
In a few days, a few days,
For Yankee Doodle's come to town,
And Jeff will have to roam.
Chorus.—Then rally, boys, &c.

There's a few seceshers up here yet,
That's so, that's so;
And they have tried the loyal to outwit,
That's so, too;
But Copperheads have had their day,
We reckon, we reckon;
They've done their work, and will get their pay,
Glory! hallelujah!
Chorus.—Then rally, boys, &c.

With Grant we know we cannot fail
Of victory! of victory!
He lets them taste his iron hail,
To put rebellion down!
With Richmond now within his grasp—
Oh, Johnny! oh, Johnny!*
He's got you, and he'll hold you fast—
You'd better say your prayers.
Chorus.—Then rally, boys, &c.

Good news from Sheridan again;
God bless him! God bless him!

* A cognomen recently given to the Rebels.

He up and took the "Early" train,
And whipped the Rebel crew.
The Union boys are sure in battle
To conquer, to conquer.
They've paid the Rebs for stealing cattle—
Three cheers! Hip! hip! hurra!
Chorus.—Then rally, boys, &c.

Now, Uncle Sam has got the dimes,
That's so, that's so;
And Abe's the man to suit the times,
And that's so, too.
So with all our money, and plenty of men,
For Union! for Union!
I tell you, boys, we're bound to win—
Cotton is not king!
Chorus.—Then rally, boys, &c.

THE NEW GLORY HALLELUJAH.

Gen'ral Grant is our leader now,
Gen'ral Grant is our leader now,
Gen'ral Grant is our leader now,
With him we're marching on!
Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
With him we're marching on!

Abra'm's looking with a smile, my boys,
Abra'm's looking with a smile, my boys,
He is thinking all the while, my boys,
How firm we're marching on!
Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

We have had our last retreat, my boys,
We have had our last defeat, my boys,
Loyal pluck is hard to beat, my boys;
The nation's marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

Abraham's words are firm and true,
Abraham's words are firm and true,
Stand by me, and I'll stand by you,
While we are marching on!
Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

Soon our flag shall float o'er land and sea,
Soon our flag shall float o'er land and sea,
Emblem of a nation's liberty,
While she is marching on!
Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

Now three cheers for Uncle Sam, my boys,
Now three cheers for Uncle Sam, my boys,
Now three cheers for Uncle Sam, my boys,
The Union's marching on!
Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah! &c.

O, LET THEM RUN, HA! HA!

AIR.—*Kingdom Coming.*

THERE'S Lincoln, Fremont, and McClellan, just started on a race;
The goal it is in Washington, and the White House is the place,

The time is fixed for next November, when the winner
draws the prize;
Fremont and Mac, won't you feel sore if a blank should
meet your eyes.

Chorus.—So let them run, ha! ha!
For we have no fear of the end;
The prize we'll give to honest Abe,
For our cause he does defend.

Abe Lincoln stands ahead so far, and we know he's sure
to win,
And next November to the White House we're bound
he shall go in.
Fremont, your legs they are too short, and Mac you
are too slow;
And tho' you would be President, you'll find it is no go.

Chorus.—So let them run, ha! ha! &c.

The platform made out in Chicago is full of rotten planks,
And Mac was afraid to stand upon it, so he kicked up
pranks;
He wrote a document so misty, to please both sides, no
doubt;
He tried to be so very cautious, but at last we've found
him out.

Chorus.—So let them run, ha! ha! &c.

He'll have to "Seymour" plainly now than he ever did
before,
If he "Wood" suit the loyal men who stand on the
Union floor.

He hails from the State of Jersey, sir; and it has been often said,
No foreigner can ever stand at our glorious nation's head.
Chorus.—So let them run, ha! ha! &c.

THE NEW MARCHING ALONG.

AIR.—*Marching Along.*

COME, freemen, and rally from East and from West;
Repair to our standard, for it is the best;
Your country is calling—oh, list to its cry,
For Lincoln, and Johnson, and blest liberty.
Chorus.—Rally, ye freemen! in power and might;
Our cause it is just, and our path it is right;
Join hand in hand, and sing in our song,
For Lincoln, and Johnson, we're "marching along."

Come, gird on your armor, and fight for the man,
Who thus far has baffled the traitor's vile plan;
Arise in your power, and scatter the foe,
Who would this bright land in his wrath overthrow.
Chorus.—Rally, ye freemen! in power, &c.

John Fremont, the pathfinder, has now lost his way,
For the White House, I'm sure, on that road doesn't lay;
John Cochrane will find he has been taken in,
For "Jacks" are not always the best cards to win.
Chorus.—Rally, ye freemen! in power, &c.

Old Abe now has served us so well and so true,
We'll try him again, for to him it is due;
All traitors and Copperheads shall now bend the knee
To Lincoln, and Johnson, the sons of the free!
Chorus.—Rally, ye freemen! in power, &c.

UP AND READY!

AIR.— *Gay and Happy.*

HURRA, boys! we are up and ready,
Forth our glorious van to lead;
Strong to battle for the Union,
Now in this our day of need;
Then while the brave men our armies fill,
We will vote for Abra'm still,
Vote for Abra'm, vote for Abra'm,
We will vote for Abra'm still.
Chorus.—Then while the brave men our armies fill,
We will vote for Abra'm still,
Vote for Abra'm, vote for Abra'm,
We will vote for Abra'm still.

Mac across the fence is striding,
Undecided where to go;
One leg for the Northern people,
And the other for the foe.
Then while the brave men our armies fill,
We will vote for Abra'm still,
Vote for Abra'm, vote for Abra'm,
We will vote for Abra'm still.
Chorus.—Then while the brave men, &c.

From the Shenandoah valley
Sheridan made an EARLY start,
Winning laurels for his heroes,
In the field, who took a part;
Then while the brave men our armies fill,
We will vote for Abra'm still,
Vote for Abra'm, vote for Abra'm,
We will vote for Abra'm still.
Chorus.—Then while the brave men, &c.

Catch the strain, November breezes,
Bear it far o'er land and sea;
When again old Abe's elected,
Blessed peace we soon shall see.
Then while the brave men our armies fill,
We will vote for Abra'm still,
Vote for Abra'm, vote for Abra'm,
We will vote for Abra'm still.
Chorus.—Then while the brave men, &c.

COME, RALLY! FREEMEN, RALLY!*

COME, rally, freemen, rally!
Ye loyal, brave and true;
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
Abe Lincoln is our candidate,
And Andrew Johnson too.
Hurra for the Union!
They are true men, they are tried men;
Our country knows their call,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!

* The Music of this song is just published by Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

Their battle-cry is freedom,
'Tis liberty to all!
Hurra for the Union!
Chorus.—Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
We'll work with all our might
For Lincoln and for Johnson,
For liberty and right!

Come, rally, freemen, rally!
And hoist our banner high,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
Our cause it is the right one,
And for it we will die.
Hurra for the Union!
Abraham and Johnson
Will make the nation free,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
We'll rally next November
For them and liberty.
Hurra for the Union!
Chorus.—Hurra, boys! hurra, boys! &c.

Come, rally, freemen, rally!
We'll whip the Copperheads,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
And plant our noble banner
Where Afric's sons have bled.
Hurra for the Union!
Abraham and Johnson
Our country knows are true,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!

Unfurl our starry banner,
The Red, the White, the Blue.
Hurra for the Union!
Chorus.—Hurra, boys! hurra, hurra, &c.

Come, rally, freemen, rally!
We'll meet again next fall,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
For Johnson and Abe Lincoln
Give freedom to us all.
Hurra for the Union!
And while our precious banner
Is floating 'neath the sky,
Hurra, boys! hurra, boys!
We'll struggle for our country,
We'll conquer or we'll die!
Hurra for the Union!
Chorus.—Hurra, boys! hurra, boys! &c.

FRIENDS OF THE UNION.

AIR.—*Pirate's Chorus.*

FRIENDS of the Union, we greet you to-night,
True to the land we love;
True to our country and liberty's right,
True to our flag above.
Long may that flag,
O'er fort and crag,
On the land, on the sea,
Float o'er the brave and free!
Chorus.—March on, Columbia! to glory and might,
Queen of the boundless sea!

Hail to the Red in our banner of stars,
Hail to the White and Blue;
Hail to the loved ones, now gone to the wars,
And Lincoln and Johnson too.
Honor and fame,
Hallow each name,
In the camp, in the field,
Heaven will be their shield.
Chorus.—March on, Columbia! &c.

Rally, ye freemen! your country now calls,
List to the stirring cry;
Strike for your children, your wives, and your homes;
Strike, for the foe is nigh;
Strife soon shall cease,
And joy and peace,
O'er the hills and the streams,
Shine with their welcome beams.
Chorus.—March on, Columbia! &c.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

Behold, the day of promise comes,
Full of inspiration;
The blessed day by prophets sung,
For the healing of the nations;
Old midnight errors flee away;
They soon will all be gone;
While heavenly angels seem to say,
"The good time's" coming on.
Chorus.—O, the good time, the good time,
The good time's coming on!

Already in the golden East,
  The glorious light is dawning;
And watchmen from the mountain tops
  Can see the blessed morning;
O'er all the land their voices ring,
  While yet the world is napping,
Till e'en the sluggards begin to spring,
  As they hear the spirits "rapping."
Chorus.—O, the good time, &c.

FALLING INTO LINE.*

VOLUNTEERS, gird on your armor,
  See! the foe's in sight;
Hark! the trumpet call is sounding,
  Ready for the fight.
Grasp your swords, my gallant comrades,
  Heed the captain's sign;
At the signal, let us all be
  Falling into line.

What tho' Rebels now confront us
  With their grim array;
General Grant is now our leader,
  We will win the day.
Steady, move along the columns,
  Valiant, brave and true;
They will ne'er their flag dishonor—
  The Red, the White, the Blue.

* Words and music by M. F. H. Smith. Or can be sung to the air "Coming through the Rye."

We will ever love our country,
  Best beneath the sun;
And we'll love our States forever—
  Thirty-four in one.
'Tis a Union now, and ever
  Will we keep it so;
Never will we yield its banner
  To a trait'rous foe.

Come, then, rally for the Union,
  Hear your country's call;
Vote for Lincoln and for Johnson
  At the polls this fall.
Firmly let our ranks move onward,
  Raise the battle-cry—
"Liberty and Union," ever—
  Freedom now is nigh.

RICHMOND WILL BE TAKEN.

AIR.—*Babylon is Fallen.*

DON'T you see our army now in front of Richmond,
  With our glorious stars and stripes ahead?
Now they're pressing forward—see their glist'ning bay'nets—
  Now the Rebs begin to feel their lead.
Chorus.—Look out there, now, we are marching on;
  Look out there—don't you understand?
    O, don't you know that
  Richmond will be taken, Richmond will be taken?
  And we are going to occupy the land.

Don't you hear the wailing in the land of Dixie?
Every thing is looking very blue;
Grant is on the war-path with his sturdy vet'rans,
Each one for the Union will be true.
Chorus.—Look out there, now, &c.

Three times three for Sherman and his glorious army,
Bravest of the brave we all allow;
For he took Atlanta, and Hood-winked their army,
And to Richmond he is marching now.
Chorus.—Look out there, now, &c.

How are you, McClellan, and your "peaceful" party,
Sure you cannot be so great a fool,—
When you wrote your letter, you was much mistaken,
If you thought to make us all your tool.
Chorus.—Look out then, now, &c.

Union is *our* watchword, and we'll press on firmly,
Sweeping all before us as we go;
For we're bound to conquer, that our blessed country
May be cleared from every trait'rous foe.
Chorus.—Look out there, now, &c.

WE HAIL WITH JOY!

AIR.—*Nelly Bly.*

HAIL with joy
The farmer's boy—
Shout! oh, shout with glee!
For Lincoln, true,
And Johnson, too,

The champions of the free!
East and West,
Do your best,
Now, with heart and voice,
For Lincoln, true,
And Johnson, too,
They are the people's choice.
Chorus.—Hi, rally! Ho, rally!
Round the polls with me,
For Lincoln, true,
And Johnson, too,
The champions of the free!

Humbly born—
Night and morn
Inured to care and toil—
From early youth
He was in truth
A tiller of the soil;
With zealous skill
And powerful will
(Deny the fact who can),
He worked his way,
And stands to-day
A noble, self-made man.
Chorus.—Hi, rally! Ho, rally!

Man and boy,
Shout with joy,
Let your voices sound;
Lincoln's name
And Johnson's fame
Will freedom's foes confound!

He'll use up Mac,
That is a fact,
He whipped in other spats,
For he's the boy
To split the rails
And maul the Democrats.
Chorus.—Hi, rally! Ho, rally! &c.

LINCOLN IS THE PEOPLE'S MAN.

AIR.—*Lu Lu is our Darling Pride.*

LINCOLN is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through;
Not a man in all the realm
Of our vast estate,
Better at our noble helm
Than our candidate.
Lincoln is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through.

Johnson from a Southern land,
Freedom's home comes to save,
Guiding with a patriot hand
O'er the stormy wave;
Onward glides our noble craft,
Laughing at the gale,

With her banner fore and aft,
And her peerless sail.
Johnson is the people's man,
Johnson brave, Johnson true,
Fighting boldly in the van,
All the conquest through.

Pictures on the future life,
Pictures clear, pictures bright,
We can see the rising day
Over error's night;
Lincoln is our guiding star
In the halls of State;
Truth and freedom bless the name
Of our candidate;
Lincoln is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through.

LINCOLN TRUE AND JOHNSON TOO.

AIR.—*Tip and Ty.*

O, WHAT has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through,
It is the ball that's rolling on for Lincoln, the true, and
Johnson, too.
Chorus.—For Lincoln, the true, and Johnson too,
And with them we'll beat little Mac, Mac,
Mac, Mac.
This is a candid fact,
And with them we'll beat little Mac.

Like the wildfire on western prairies, prairies, prairies,
The fires will go;
And in its course will clear the way
Chorus.—For Lincoln, the true, &c.

See McClellan's banner fluttering, fluttering, fluttering,
No stars aglow;
Up in its place unroll the flag
Chorus.—Of Lincoln, the true, &c.

See Chicago's platform falling, falling, falling,
Down it must go;
And in its place will firmly stand
Chorus.—Abe Lincoln, the true, &c.

Let them prate about rail-splitting, splitting, splitting,
Flat-boating, too;
We'll swing the maul, and drive the wedge
Chorus.—For Lincoln, the true, &c.

McClellan's days are short and few, short and few, short and few,
He's got a blow
From Abe's long maul, and he must fall.
Chorus.—Hurra for Lincoln, the true, &c.

O HARK! FROM THE PINE-CRESTED HILLS OF OLD MAINE.

AIR.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

O, HARK! from the pine-crested hills of old Maine,
Where the splendor first falls from the wings of the morning,
And away in the West, over river and plain,
Rings out the glad anthem of liberty's warning!

From green rolling prairie it swells to the sea,
For the people have risen victorious and free;
They have chosen their leaders, and bravest and best
Of them all is old Abe, honest Abe of the West.

The spirit that fought for the patriots of old
Has swept through the land and aroused us forever.
In the pure air of heaven a standard unfold
Fit to marshal us on to the sacred endeavor!
Proudly the banner of freemen we bear;
Nobly the hopes that encircle it there;
And where battle is thickest, we follow the crest
Of Lincoln and Johnson, brave men of the West.

There's a triumph in urging a glorious cause,
Tho' the hosts of the foe for a while may be stronger;
Pushing on for just rulers and holier laws,
Till their lessening columns oppose us no longer.
But ours the loud pæan of men who have past
Thro' the struggle of years, and are victorious at last;
So forward the flag! leave to Heaven the rest,
And trust in old Abe, honest Abe of the West!

Lo! see the bright scroll of the future unfold!
Broad farms and fair cities shall crown our devotion;
Free labor turns even the sands into gold,
And the links of her railway chain ocean to ocean;
Barges shall float on the dark river waves
With a wealth never rung from the sinews of slaves;
And the chief, in whose rule all the land shall be blest
Is our noble old Abe, honest Abe of the West!

POOR LITTLE MAC, YOU CANNOT FOLLOW ME.

AIR.—*O, Susanna!*

I had a dream the other night,
When all around was still,
I dreamt I saw "Old Honest Abe"
A-climbing up the hill;
The way, tho' steep, he once has trod
When many a foe was near;
He presses on, with trust in God,
For now the way is clear;
O, McClellan! you cannot follow me;
You're going up Salt River
With the platform on your knee.

While Abe was climbing up the hill,
And almost at the top,
Poor Mac was panting at the foot,
His race compelled to stop;
He carried weight too much to win
In any even race;
His own, and all his party's sin
Told hard upon his pace.
O, McClellan! you cannot follow me,
You're going up Salt River
With the platform on your knee.

BRAVE OLD ABE.

AIR.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

FROM West, from East, from South, from North,
What eager-growing throngs
For brave Old Abe are pouring forth
Their patriotic songs!
For brave Old Abe, my boys!
For brave Old Abe;
Take up the song, ring it along
For brave Old Abe!

He's just the man for you and me,
He's just the man for all;
A truer, braver heart than he
The people cannot call.
For brave Old Abe, my boys!
For brave Old Abe;
Take up the song, roll on the ball
For brave Old Abe!

Old Abe, they say, is not genteel—
He wears a slouching hat;
But, with a heart as true as steel,
He's none the worse for that.
For brave Old Abe, my boys!
For brave Old Abe;
As true as steel, with heart to feel,
Is brave Old Abe!

Our ship Old Abe can navigate—
At that he's tried his hand;
Again the helm he guides so well,
We'll trust to his command.
To brave Old Abe, my boys!
To brave Old Abe;
We'll give the helm of this good realm
To brave Old Abe!

From West, from East, from South, from North,
Turn out the growing throng;
Young men and old come rushing forth,
With earnest hearts and strong.
For brave Old Abe, my boys!
For brave Old Abe;
Take up the song, ring it along
For brave Old Abe!

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR.—*Hail to the Chief!*

FREEMEN, the day of your triumph is dawning,
Shake out the folds of your banner once more;
Join in the anthem that heralds the morning—
See! the long night of oppression is o'er.
Hark! from our native hills
Comes there a shout that thrills
Liberty's temple from portal to dome,
Glory to God on high!
Union with liberty
Finds in the hearts of our people a home.

Burnish your armor like heroes in story,
  Sound the loud tocsin that calls to the war;
Freedom enthroned in the land of her glory
  Bids you march on by the light of her star.
    Let the wild echo sweep
    Back from each mountain steep;
Brave old Columbia joins in the fray,
    While with united voice
    Liberty's sons rejoice
In the proud triumph that waits them to-day.

Then shall our country's name shine through the ages,
  Bravely redeemed by the *men* of her soil;
Then shall the birthplace of heroes and sages
  Honor the brawny-armed servants of toil.
    Rally! young hearts and brave,
    Let your broad banner wave
Over the nation from inland to sea.
    Hasten the coming time,
    When every land and clime
Breaking their shackles shall march with the free.

LINCOLN THE CHOICE OF THE NATION.

AIR.—*Red, White, and Blue.*

FOR Lincoln, the choice of the nation,
  The pride of the fearless and free;
We'll drink to his health and his station,
  Whate'er that relation may be.

His heart beats for freedom remaining
  On the soil where our liberty grew;
For the banner our heroes sustaining—
  The free flag--the Red, White, and Blue.

No sectional feuds shall e'er sever
  The bands which our forefathers wrought;
The Union for ever and ever!
  Unsullied, unstained, and unbought,
Is the watchword from Lincoln we borrow,
  And he stands by his promise so true;
Then who will our leader not follow,
  When his flag is the Red, White, and Blue?

Our voices are joined then for Union,
  The stars and stripes are above;
Huzza all for Lincoln and Johnson!
  Huzza for the men that we love!
The old Union ship, when well guided,
  'Twill be found that the timbers are true;
And soon will the storm have subsided
  That threatened the Red, White, and Blue.

For the benefit of Democrats who are undecided which way to vote, we print the following brief

SPEECH BY GENERAL BURNSIDE.

CENTRE HARBOR, *August* 30, 1864.

General Burnside arrived last night at this place, from the White Mountains, on his way to resume his command. His arrival speedily becoming known, large numbers of citizens from the neighboring towns assembled, and, with Belknap's cornet band, serenaded the General, who, in response to the compliment, appeared on the balcony of his hotel, amidst the cheers of the multitude, and spoke as follows:—

My Friends, I am sure you will excuse me from making any extended remarks on this occasion, because, in the first place, it is not my habit to address public assemblies, and just now I am returning from a brief pleasure trip through your beautiful country, during which I have purposely enjoyed recreation, and thought as little as possible of official or public business. It will not be amiss, however, for me to say that I have the fullest confidence in the ability of the Government to crush out this wicked rebellion. I feel that the day is not far distant when the despondency which now prevails will totally disappear, and the people of the North will see, as we in the field see, that the end is at hand. Only united effort is needed to enable the Government to move still more quickly. I refer to this because I have lately witnessed this despondency, and been surprised at it. Why, I have heard more grumbling at the North in three days than I heard in our whole campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg. People seem to think that our armies are wearing out without corresponding exhaustion of the enemy. This is a mistake. Our resources in the field are greater than his. We have three times his home resources untouched, and can lose far more than the South, and still break down the rebellion. I repeat, there is no cause for despondency. Let every citizen do all in his power and the result is sure. It is not possible that any cause so founded in iniquity as this rebellion should succeed. But, independent of the right and wrong, I am sure, from observation, that we have the strength and will to conquer.

McClellan's History in Three Sentences.

McClellan's failure as a commander, and his bankruptcy in every quality of a soldier, are history, the most shameful in the annals of American politics, and the most humiliating in military biography. Attorney-General Hanna, of Indiana, recalled it recently at Indianapolis, in a speech, whose brevity and truthfulness make it a compendium. He said that "Old Abe" exhausted every appliance known to human ingenuity to make him a gallant and successful warrior. While the people cried out to the President in the bitterness of their woe, "For God's sake, give us a general who will do something, who is equal to the demand upon him, who will not dig the grave of the nation within the sound of the enemy's cannon"—while the patience of Congress and of the Cabinet was wearing, and finally wore out, with the inordinate cost of vain display, and of the failure of movements, Old Abe clung to him, through evil and through good report, hoping and praying he might do better. By day and by night he curried and pampered him, kicked and coaxed him, scolded and praised him, tickled and lashed him, bathed and blanketed him, physicked and nursed him, patted and rubbed him, begged and cursed him, until finally, in the agony of despair, the worn-out President exclaimed: "He is h—l on parade, but utterly inefficient in action!"